

## Someone Like You by Amyarie

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**Summary:**

There was something Eddie had come to learn about Richie Tozier that threw him for a loop. He was still processing everything he had seen, mind micro-focusing on different details of the scene.

Of course, this wasn't something he had planned on seeing, and it was definitely something he was never going to be able to unsee.

## Someone Like You

### Author's Note:

I've been in the IT fandom for a while, but this is my first fic for it, so go easy on me. I love Richie Tozier, and so does Eddie Kaspbrak.

This is set after the events of Chapter 1, they're all aged 16/17 even though it's not mentioned.

It was a dull Saturday afternoon, and apparently the pollen count was very high this time of year and, of fucking course, Sonia Kaspbrak couldn't let her son out of the house. *Oh no, Eddie, your allergies, blah blah blah.*

He knew it was all bullshit, and he just wanted to see his friends, dammit. So, he pulled inspiration from his best friend, Richie, and climbed out of his own bedroom window to escape his suffocating mother. He had locked his door before he left (not that it mattered much, his mom had a spare key to every room in the house) and put on the radio to give his mother some background noise. Then, he crouched his way around the house and took off running down the street. If his bike wasn't in the front yard, it would be too suspicious, so he just left it there.

A couple blocks down, he slowed his pace, tugging his inhaler out of his fanny pack and taking a puff out of pure instinct. He wasn't even wheezing, he noticed as he put it back and slid the pack over to rest on his hip.

Ben's house was closer, but... maybe Eddie wanted to be around somebody specific. He didn't even really stop to think about the fact that he was showing quite obvious favoritism in their very loving

friend group, it just popped up in his head. It was Saturday, he was bored and lonely, he wanted to see Richie.

His house was roughly fifteen minutes away, but for a person with a lot of energy who took very fast steps, he reached the front door in just over eleven minutes. Because yes, he did count, he had nothing else to do.

He subconsciously straightened his shirt and tried to flatten his hair before knocking on the door a few times. He waited, and there was nothing. A quick glance at the driveway revealed that Richie's parents weren't home, but Eddie could faintly hear rock music blasting from the second floor, which meant that not only could Richie not hear him, he was going to go deaf before he reached the age of forty.

With a sigh, Eddie pushed open the front door and spared yet another sad thought for Richie's survival instincts. His parents weren't home, and he left the door unlocked. *Come on, man!*

He did make sure to lock the front door behind him before he started up the stairs, annoyed muttering to himself about how Richie would never be able to live alone, because he has absolutely no independent survival instincts.

The closer he got to Richie's room, the louder the music got, and it only made Eddie more frustrated. Since the door was already cracked, he pushed it open and light from the window flooded the hallway. Whatever tirade was on the tip of his tongue died immediately once he saw Richie. Kissing. Richie was kissing someone. And not just a regular, random someone, it was Jason, from their science class. A *boy*. Richie was kissing a boy.

And the very first thought that popped into his head was ‘*Why him?*’ Jason had been held back two years, and was twenty years old, still in high school. Jason basically had a unibrow, and his nose was too big. It was fine that Richie wanted to make out with a guy, but why *him* ? Ew.

And before he could stop himself, back out, turn around, save Richie’s dignity, he shouted, “What the fuck?!”

Jason flew back like a bomb had gone off right in front of him and when he turned to face Eddie, he looked stupider than he ever had, and he had looked pretty stupid before, just saying.

They all froze for about five seconds before Jason bolted out of the room, pushing past Eddie. His footsteps couldn’t be heard for very long before the door slammed downstairs, and Eddie noticed Richie wince at the sound.

“Please don’t say anything.” Richie mumbled, slipping off the edge of the bed where he was perched and turning off the boombox on his desk. He wasn’t wearing his glasses, and his hair was much more crazy than usual.

“Richie-”

“Fuck, I said please, Eds. Come on, man.” He groaned, long and loud before flopping backwards onto his bed. And Eddie heard something crunch beneath him. “You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me.” He

turned over and reached under his back, pulling out his bent and broken glasses.

Normally, Eddie always had something to say. But in that moment, he came up short. Normally, Richie had something to say too. It was typically a joke about fucking Eddie's mom, or a developing Voice, but he wasn't saying anything either. And right then, there was nothing Eddie would have liked more than for Richie to break the tension with a bad joke.

Richie wouldn't look at him either, rolled over onto his stomach to shove his face in a pillow. It was just hard for Eddie to take in. Richie "I never shut up about tits, and pussy, and Eddie's mom" Tozier is... not actually into women.

Eddie finally bucked the fuck up enough to open his mouth and softly say, "It's okay, Rich."

Richie mumbled incoherently into the pillow, causing Eddie to roll his eyes and move closer so he could take a seat on the bed next to Richie's legs. He poked a finger behind one of his knees, where he knew Richie was ticklish, and the reaction was instant. The taller boy flew backwards, groaning in annoyance.

"Spaghetti, I thought we agreed you weren't going to take advantage of me." They had agreed that, years ago when Eddie first found out how ticklish Richie was and couldn't resist using it against him so often they had to come to a truce. They just wouldn't tickle each other.

Eddie rolled his eyes, but still couldn't stop the smile that curled his lips. "Well, you were being stupid, not talking to me."

"Well, maybe I didn't want to hear you say anything... bad." Richie mumbled, still not looking directly at Eddie.

"Richie, you're so damn stupid." Eddie laughed, to which Richie clutched his chest and gasped dramatically. "If you think that any of the Losers would say anything bad about the fact that you like guys, then you really don't know any of us."

He supposed it was a bit of a backhanded way to tell someone that they're fully accepted, but it was just how Richie and Eddie operated. Never take anything *too* seriously. Neither of them really wanted to acknowledge things they would be forced to if the conversation got too deep. Which is why Eddie relied so heavily on Richie always there to break the tension.

Richie squinted at Eddie, mostly because he didn't have his glasses on, but partly because he was trying to figure out if Eddie was being serious. But obviously, he wouldn't joke about something like this. Eddie cared about his friends more than anything, but he didn't want any of them knowing that.

Finally, Richie sighed, running a hand through his wild hair. Eddie so desperately wanted to reach out and fix it, but he held his hands firm in his lap. "Thanks, Eds. Just don't tell your mom, it would break her heart to lose me."

Eddie blurted out a laugh, smacking Richie in the side. "Shut up."

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After Eddie found out, it didn't take Richie long to come out to the rest of the Losers. There wasn't any buildup either, they were all in the clubhouse and Richie just let it loose. Figures, because he has never done anything subtly in his life.

Bev and Richie had stolen the hammock for a solid hour and passed the occasional cigarette between them, Ben, Stan, and Mike were doing homework, and Eddie was helping Bill work on his bike, which mostly consisted of just handing him various tools when he asked. Then, out of nowhere, Richie claps his hands together a few times to gather everyone's attention before spitting it out. "I like boys."

"Congratulations," Stan mumbles, looking straight back down to his homework. Richie wasn't sure how, but Stan definitely already knew. Probably before even Richie himself.

"Rich, this is amazing, now we can talk about boys together." Bev grinned, nudging his shoulder as she passed him the cigarette.

"You know it, Ringwald." He nodded, taking a drag before bursting out into a fit of laughter at the way Bev smacked his chest.

"It's really brave of you, Richie, of course we all support you." Ben smiled, with Bill and Mike both adding in their agreements and encouragements.

“Why thank you, Benny my boy, it’s been quite a journey.” Richie began, looking off into some corner and putting a hand over his heart. “One could say that I am amazing, and courageous, and handsome-”

“He didn’t say any of that.” Eddie interjected, but Richie wasn’t phased in the slightest.

“And now, the men of the world will get to enjoy my charms in the same way Eddie’s mom does.”

“Beep beep, Richie.”

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Eddie had a problem.

Ever since Richie came out, he had been more comfortable bringing Jason around them, because apparently, they’d been dating for a month before Eddie even caught them together? *What?*

Jason wasn’t that bad, Eddie supposed. He actually thought Richie was funny, and he actually listened to people when they spoke, allowing Stan to talk about birds, and Ben to talk about history without any comments about how truly boring those topics were.

But Eddie didn’t like him. He didn’t know why the sight of Jason’s stupid face made him so upset, but it did. Without fail. And Richie never shut up about him. Jason this, and Jason that, and “oh, we were supposed to hang out today, I’m with Jason so I’ll just bring him.” Ugh.



The solution Eddie came to was that if he didn't want to see Jason, he would have to not see Richie. Which was fine. Forget Richie, all he cared about was his stupid boyfriend, and not his best friend since childhood. Richie used to be the one who dragged Eddie out of his suffocating house. Or he would be the one that Eddie left to see. Without Richie, he ended up spending more time at home, which greatly pleased his mom. The more time he spent with her, the more he felt like her claws were sinking deeper and deeper into him. He couldn't fucking breathe, and he wanted to talk to Richie about it, but also didn't want to see Richie. Dammit.

As he lay in his bed, moping, the doorbell rang and Eddie listened to his mother answer the door and then come down the hallway to poke her head in the doorway of his room. "Eddie-bear, one of your friends is here to see you." She said it with a smile on her face, but her tone definitely conveyed disgust. She hated his friends, Richie most of all. He immediately hoped it would be Richie, and then stuffed that thought back down. He didn't want to see Richie, despite what his brain kept telling him.

He rolled out of bed and followed his mom all the way back to the doorway where Bill stood, fidgeting with his hands. His eyes lit up when he saw Eddie and he grinned, taking a step forward. "H-hey Eddie, d-do you want to c-come into t-town and get i-ice cream?"

"No no, I don't think Eddie should go out, you've been feeling sick, haven't you, dear?" Her voice was sickeningly sweet, and they both saw right through it. She just didn't want him to go anywhere, or do anything, or have any friends.

"No, mommy, I feel fine. I'd like to go with Bill, please." He used his

best, softest, obedient tone and gave her a set of puppy dog eyes to really go for it, before she sighed and nodded.

“Fine, but you’ll be back at exactly five, okay, dear?”

“Yes, mommy.” He gave her a kiss on the cheek quickly, to get it over with, before running out of the house and down the steps, taking Bill with him.

“Be safe, Eddie-bear!” She called after him, grumbling to herself as she turned back inside.

“Wow, E-Eddie. Sh-she seems w-worse th-than usual.” Bill said after she was back in the house and the door was closed.

Eddie sighed, nodding. “Yeah, it’s driving me crazy.”

Bill hummed in agreement and stayed silent for a moment before he kicked at a rock on the street and finally spoke. “S-so, we haven’t seen y-you around m-much lately. I-is everything o-okay?”

Eddie sighed, honestly not knowing whether he wanted to spill his guts to Bill, or maybe wait until he, himself, figured out exactly what it was about Jason and Richie’s relationship that bothered him so much. “What do you think of Jason?” He asked, before he could really think about it.

Bill paused, probably confused at the sudden change in topic, before he shrugged. "I d-don't know. H-he's nice. And R-Richie likes him, s-so." He shrugged, as if to say, that it was good enough.

But what if it wasn't good enough. No way was Jason good enough for Richie. Sure, Richie was an asshole, but he was secretly soft and caring and Eddie knew everything about him, and had known him for a long time. Jason would probably end up hurting Richie's feelings, and then Eddie would have to kick his ass, and get wildly hurt in the process, because Jason was twenty and average height, and Eddie was a shrimp noodle, but he would still go for it.

Eddie frowned, as if Bill was supposed to hate Jason just because he did. "His nose is too big. And he's an idiot, he's been a senior in high school for two fucking years." Eddie grouched, crossing his arms over his chest.

Bill frowned, mostly out of confusion. "I-I don't g-get it. I th-thought you were p-p-... proud of him." They turned down onto the trail that led to the Barrens, Bill walking faster to keep up with Eddie's fast pace.

"I am!" Eddie threw his hands up in frustration. "I'm proud of him for coming out, I'm proud of him for finding somebody, I just don't get why it has to be that asshole!"

That didn't really help. If anything, Bill looked even more confused. "Did J-Jason do s-something to you?"

"No! He's just not good enough for Richie, okay?" Eddie huffed, face

turning red in a horrible mix of frustration and embarrassment. He whacked at the branch of a tree only for it to come back and hit his chest. “Ugh, stupid fucking branch, stupid Jason, stupid motherfucking-”

“Eddie!” Bill laid a hand on his shoulder, causing him to stop his angry march deeper into the forest. “C-calm down. F-first of all, y-you’re going the w-wrong way. S-second, i-if he isn’t g-good enough, th-then who is?”

“I don’t know!” Eddie groaned, shaking his head. “It has to be somebody who *really* knows him, and will take care of his stupid ass. And it has to be someone smart, Richie needs the balance.” He mumbled, crossing his arms as he slowly settled down. He couldn’t stop thinking about it. Richie needs to be taken care of. Eddie wants to take care of Richie.

Bill paused, and looked Eddie straight in the eyes as he said, “Someone I-like you?”

“ *What* ? No, that’s ridiculous. Not me. He doesn’t- I-I don’t- that doesn’t- Get off my back, Bill, fuck!” Eddie panicked, pulling away from him and quickly pulling open the entrance to the clubhouse and climbing in. Thankfully, Ben was already there. And... so was Richie. Great... Perfect timing for Eddie’s crisis. Bill was already climbing in after him and closing the hatch before Eddie could bolt back out and avoid Richie.

“Hey, Spaghetti! There you are!” Richie grinned, eyes lit up at him through coke bottle lenses. “Come here, I saved you a seat. The best seat in the house.” He scooted over on the hammock and stretched out the fabric to make space for Eddie to slide in next to him.

Because they always did that. But the thought of doing it now made his heart race. Looking back, it always had and he just... didn't notice.

He didn't want to seem like he was being weird, or avoid Richie and inadvertently hurt his feelings, because Richie would never admit it, but he was sensitive. So, he got over himself and put aside the crisis for a moment to slide into the hammock across from his best friend. That's right. Richie was his best friend. It would be so fucking stupid of him to think anything different. Right?

"So, Eds, I've got this new Voice, it's called the Mr. Bennett." Richie laughs to himself before proceeding to do a pretty spot on impression of their incredibly boring math teacher, who everyone agrees is a hundred years old, and always speaks in an old croaky voice like he's on his deathbed.

Really, none of them try to hold in their laughter, but Eddie feels something so much bigger behind the amusement. *Fondness*, he thinks, maybe. And then his next thought: *oh no*.

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Eddie could safely say he never had a crush on anyone. He might think different people are attractive, but only in a passing thought kind of way. He had never given much thought to it, despite how prevalent love always has been for him and their group. He thought about kissing Bev, mostly because Bill told him all about it after it happened, but he didn't really feel anything, didn't think about it again after that.

Things changed, however, after the one time he saw Richie kissing Jason. After Bill suggested that *he* wanted to be with Richie, and that was why he didn't like Jason, his brain started short circuiting. Now, instead of seeing Richie and Jason kissing on a loop playing in his head to drive him insane, now it was a loop of Richie and Eddie.

Richie kissing Eddie.

Eddie kissing Richie.

The more he thought about it, the more he *wanted* it so badly. But that was crazy, right? Not only was Richie in a relationship, there was no way he liked Eddie as anything more than a friend. And Eddie wasn't 100% sure he was gay, but with the way he thought about Richie sometimes, it wasn't exactly an unreasonable assumption that he was into guys.

Eddie sat in his room, day after day, avoiding not only Richie, but all his friends, because as Bill had proven, they probably all knew and they hang out with Richie as a group, so he would be forced to see him and be constantly thinking about kissing him, and that made Eddie feel so incredibly guilty. They were friends! Eddie was ruining a damn good friendship!

It was all too easy to avoid school, and his friends. All he had to do was sniffle and say, "Mommy, I don't feel well," and his mother would keep him away from everyone for a week. Sure, it was horrible to deal with, but it was somehow better than opening himself up like a wound.

The last time he saw Richie was two weeks ago, and of course Bill and company always came by the house, but his mother successfully shooed them away every time. He was miserable, drowning in the stink of medicine and bleach. But, at least he didn't have to see Richie. The thought of Richie knowing terrified him. He was such a horrible friend, and the more he thought about his best friend, the worse it got. His feelings had become so strong, he was just scared to let them out.

Something banged against his window and he flinched, turning to face the window from where he was curled up in bed. Richie was there, giving him a look as if to say 'wtf'. He brought his mouth up to the window to blow hot air onto the glass and write 'let me in'.

Eddie groaned, hating the fact that he couldn't just avoid him forever. Being rude to Richie and having him hate Eddie might be way worse than him just knowing about those feelings. He slipped out of bed and locked the door to his room before pulling up the window and backing away to give Richie space to climb through.

"Spaghetti, it's been a fucking *day* , and I haven't seen you in two weeks, so you better have a good explanation." Richie grumbled as he managed to get his gangly body through the window. He closed it behind him and stood up straight, and Eddie hated that Richie was and always had been taller than him. Mostly because now he just thought it was hot. Eddie would have to drag him down by the shirt to kiss him, and Richie would pull him up closer-

*Stop. That. Now.*

Eddie sighed, dragging both hands down his face and turning around so he wouldn't have to look at Richie. "I'm sick."

“Come on, Eds.” Richie took hold of Eddie’s arms and spun him around, holding him in place even though Eddie kept looking anywhere except Richie’s face. “We both know you’re not sick, that’s bullshit. Just tell me the *truth* . What’s been going on?”

Eddie scoffed, crossing his arms. Tell him the truth? Ha, fuck no. He didn’t want to say anything about how suddenly gay he was for Richie, or how much he hated Richie’s boyfriend. But, because Eddie is stupid, what came out of his mouth was, “How’s Jason?”

Richie looked sad for a moment, way too sad than Eddie ever wants to see him, before he looked away and cleared his throat. “We broke up a couple days ago.”

Eddie is extra stupid, because he is the one who detached himself from his friend’s life, he doesn’t have the right to be upset. He didn’t know that this very important thing happened in his best friend’s life because he was being too selfish to be there for him, goddammit!

“I’m so sorry, Rich, I had no idea.”

“Yeah, no shit you didn’t, you haven’t talked to me for weeks, Eddie.” Richie snapped, then immediately looked guilty about it. “Fuck, I’m sorry, I’m just-”

“No, don’t be sorry, you’re right.” Eddie blurted, wringing his hands together. “I was being a dick and avoiding you. I didn’t like Jason. I still don’t like him.”



Richie paused, as if totally thrown off by Eddie admitting he was right. "What?"

"Yeah, I was being totally stupid and didn't want to tell you."

"Oh, come on, Eds, I always know you're being stupid." Richie grinned, and Eddie had never before wanted to both punch his face and kiss it at the same time. "Probably would've saved time if you had told me you didn't like him, because turns out: I don't like him as much as I thought I did."

Eddie couldn't help but smile, dropping back to sit on his bed. "I'm sorry, Rich."

"Don't be sorry, it's not your fault. I mean, he was my first boyfriend, no way it was gonna work very long." Richie laughed, plopping down next to Eddie. And Eddie kind of wished... that maybe it was a little bit his fault. Shit, he was a horrible friend.

"Still..." Eddie shrugged, fidgeting with his hands in his lap. "Breakups aren't fun." Not that Eddie had any experience in that field, but he had heard, and watched movies and shit.

"Right again, Spaghetti man." Richie tried to laugh, but there wasn't any heart behind it, and Eddie could tell. He could always tell. Maybe... Bill was right. Eddie knew Richie better than anyone, he cared for him. Why not?

Fuck, but even if it made sense theoretically, there was absolutely no way to know if Richie actually even thought that way about him, or if he would awkwardly reject him and their friendship would be ruined forever.

“So,” Richie began awkwardly, and Eddie mentally strapped himself in for whatever kind of conversation this was going to be. “I was talking to Bev, about everything, you know. And she said that sometimes the person you really need is right in front of you. And I’m pretty sure she was talking to herself about how in love with Ben she is, but I keep thinking about it. And... I don’t know, maybe she’s right. Maybe there’s *something* I’m just not seeing.”

Eddie’s breath caught in his throat and he hoped desperately that Richie wouldn’t notice. “Like what?”

Richie finally looked him in the eyes, only to shrug. “I don’t really know. Maybe something I’ve always thought about, but never really imagined could happen.”

“Oh.” Eddie nodded, opening his mouth to say more before he got cut off by Richie leaning down to press their lips together. Eddie froze, wondering for a moment if he was dreaming, still knocked out by the cold medicine his mother shoved down his throat. But as soon as he fell into it and started to kiss back, Richie pulled away, looking more scared than Eddie had ever seen him. And they fought a demon clown when they were thirteen.

“Oh my god. I’m so sorry, Eddie, I’m a fucking idiot-”

Eddie shook his head, surging up to connect their lips again, this time not sitting there dead for a single second before he placed a hand on Richie's shoulder, and shifted closer to him.

Richie kissed back for a blissful few moments before he pulled away yet again and Eddie groaned, rolling his eyes. "Richie, it's okay, I want to kiss you."

"But why?" Richie gaped at him, eyes wide. "I thought- but you didn't- you're not even-"

"Shut up, Richie, for once in your life." Eddie said, but he was smiling while he did. He brought a hand up to rest on Richie's chest, fingers curling into his shirt to pull him in. The earlier hesitance had all but disappeared, years of built up emotion coming out into this kiss. Richie's hand was on his hip, and before he could even really register moving, Richie pulled him closer, wrapping his arms around Eddie's waist.

Eddie brought his hands further up, sliding one into Richie's dark curls and settling the other on the side of his face, fingers slipping under the glasses to pull them off. He thought the glasses were adorable, yes, but they were knocking into his cheeks and he wanted unrestricted access to Richie's stupidly cute face.

It was an accident when Eddie bit Richie's lip, but when Eddie felt him shiver, he did it again on purpose. Spurred forward by the way Richie groaned, Eddie pulled himself up to sit on Richie's thighs, effectively straddling him and it resulted in a better angle for them to make out.

They were making out.

He was making out with Richie Tozier, who he had loved before he even knew what love really was. And he didn't think he ever wanted to stop.

Realizing that they needed to breathe, Richie pulled away and settled his forehead against Eddie's, catching his breath. "Wow ." Richie breathed, fingers curling tighter into the smaller boy's waist. "If I had known this whole time that you could kiss like that, I would've dumped your mom years ago."

"Beep beep, Rich." Eddie laughed, shoving Richie's face away from him playfully, before Richie came right back in to bring their lips together again. The more they kissed, the more Eddie sunk into him, wanting to be as close as possible. Before he knew it, he was on his back in his bed, and Richie leaned over him, propping himself up with an elbow and kissing Eddie like his life depended on it. His mom was down the hall, but god, he didn't care.

Richie pulled away again, Eddie groaning in annoyance. "How many times are you going to stop what is clearly a good thing?"

Richie laughed, brushing some hair out of Eddie's face so softly that he suddenly felt like he couldn't breathe. "I love you." Richie muttered, but it was clear enough for Eddie to hear.

Eddie paused, eyes going wide. Richie realized what he said a little

too late, and there was no way he could back out now. Of course, that didn't stop him from trying. "Shit, no, that's way too soon, I actually hate you, what are we doing?"

Richie's nonsense got cut off by Eddie leaning up to capture his lips again, and Eddie would have to always remember that was a good way to shut the Trashmouth up. "I love you too."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

Richie grinned, and it was perhaps the most beautiful thing Eddie had ever seen, and he couldn't stop himself from pulling Richie down again to kiss all over his dumb, beautiful face.

### **Author's Note:**

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I threw this out of my system over the course of a single day and I'm so ocd, I had to make some tweaks.

I'm definitely looking to write more, getting back into it after a while thanks to these dumb gay boys, so more fics are-a-comin'